

Iron County Register.

F. P. AKE, Publisher.

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VOLUME LV.

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Mr. Hilburn in Colorado.

Iron County Register—Well, on Monday, August 29th, I went up to Silver Plume, the terminus of the Colorado Southern narrow gauge branch that goes up the famous Clear Creek Canyon, where gold was discovered in 1840, according to my informant, and one may well believe in the story when seeing the many decaying and disappearing dams and flumes along that roaring and restless little stream. It was impossible to count them from the train, but I would be willing to wager that there are a thousand tunnels and prospect holes between Golden and Silver Plume. Each one of these a monument to the courage of the gold seeker, and in many cases, in fact I might say, most cases, representing defeat, and I was about to say despair, but despair was one of the words Mr. Webster so kindly donated to the English speaking people that the gold hunter did not learn.

Years ago I learned that the gold-seeker, like the gambler, is nearly always on his uppers. Some times he makes a stake but if the gambling house don't get it it is generally sunk in a prospect hole. Georgetown is a beautiful little town nestled in a little cove in the Clear Creek Canyon, some eight thousand feet above sea level, and above it and in full view, the C. & S. R. R. makes the famous Georgetown Loop. I wondered when told that this famous branch of the C. & S. was a narrow gauge but after going over the road I readily understood why the road was not made standard gauge. No Standard gauge equipment would follow those curves, that are absolutely necessary in Clear Creek Canyon.

I saw several men and women dressed alike in "knicker" hiking over the mountains, and one couple came aboard at Silver Plume. I engaged the man in conversation, and found him a very intelligent gentleman. He had hiked a good part of the way, (using autos when practicable) from the Arapaho range of mountains to Corona on the Moffat R. R. He had been in Washington, D. C., and also knew something of the Dixie's great race problem. Or should I say Uncle Sam's Problem? For in Dixie it is less a problem than anywhere else in the country. 'Tis there that the Afro-American stands the best show to get what he really deserves. True he often gets summary justice, but it is nearly always the result of brutality, or bad advice, or both. In Dixie the negro who is a good citizen may live to a good round old age. The race not being held accountable for the sins of the individual.

But to return to the great State of Colorado. I had a chance to go back to Arkansas by auto but could not get ready in time, so I am still here. I have had a delightful summer, most nights being cool enough to sleep under a blanket. Every morning I have hiked over some part of West Denver, from 23d to 59th Avenue, and from Tejon (pronounced tehon) street to Edgewater. Some times walking as far as four miles in one morning, before breakfast. I am writing this out in the open and the sun keeps chasing me around. More anon.

Aug. 31. F. P. HILBURN.

September 3, 1921.

Above on this sheet is a nice view of Denver, looking west from the State House. The high tower is the Daniel's and Fisher's tower, and is twenty stories high. It is on 16th avenue. The building with the round dome is the court house. The snow capped Rockies form a pleasing background. This snow does not remain thru the summer months except in sheltered places. I was on the top of Lookout Mountain this afternoon, from where Denver is visible in clear weather.

I went over to Golden in an interurban car, and up the mountain by auto. On the top of this mountain lies the remains of Colonel William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill." It was by his request that his body be laid to rest on the top of this mountain that is said to command a view of a part of four states. I copied the inscription on the tablet that marks his resting place, "Born February 26, 1846, in Scott County, Iowa. Died January 10, 1917, in Denver."

The auto road up this Lookout Mountain is a wonder. The views from it must be seen to be appreciated. Golden, the one time capital of Colorado, is a very old town; that is it is old for Colorado. It is located in the foot hills of the Rockies at the mouth of Clear Creek Canyon, and comes into view several times as one climbs Lookout Mountain. As the car mounts higher and higher,

turning first one side and then the other to the mountain, Golden looks like a large picture or a relief map, and one feels like a stone might be thrown into its streets from the mountain side. I am arranging to leave Denver Tuesday morning at 8:45 over the Santa Fe for Ft. Worth, Texas.

From Colorado.

DEL NORTE, Colorado, Aug. 29, 1921.

Dear Mr. Editor—I want to tell you something of this delightful place. This is a beautiful little city situated in the mountains just 7978 feet above sea level—this Rio Grande river flowing to the side and furnishing water for irrigation for this beautiful valley at such a high altitude. My first visit was to Mt. Lookout, overlooking this city from the south, at the top of which is planted an observatory for the purpose of studying Astronomy (not in use now.) The side of this mountain has many cactuses and prairie dogs scamper around the side and base. The air is fine.

Then my brother, Rev. J. B. White, with his family, drove me, first, to Masonic Park, a favorite camping and fishing resort about 21 miles from this place, where we ate a nice lunch with hot coffee—for there was a furnace already hot for the benefit of campers and tourists. After lunch we were asked to register which we did, I giving my son's Lodge, Tyro Lodge, No. 12, Caledonia, Mo.

We again crossed the Rio Grande river on our way to Wagon Wheel Gap—a distance of about 6 miles. The scenery from this point is grand and in some places most exciting. The automobile road winding around the mountain side at a distance of as much as 150 feet in some places above the railroad track, and the boiling rushing water above the cliffs rising so high that you must look almost straight up in order to see the top. This road is quite narrow, but there is room for cars to pass in safety every few hundred yards. On meeting a large car coming up grade my brother drove his car near the mountain, in order that the car might pass in safety; the loose rocks and dirt rolled into the wheels which had to be removed before we could pass on. The "Gap" certainly has the right name, for the mountain view so high on either side.

But we had not seen all the wonders yet. Crossing the river again we soon found our selves at another place of interest, the Hot Sulphur Springs. The water looks to be boiling hot, as it boils up out of the spring, the steam rising from it. On dipping into it you will find it is too hot to drink, although not quite to boiling point. This affords an opportunity for a fine swimming pool at this point. Just across the river from here is the "Flour Spar Mines" from which flintstones and some other products are made.

On our return we saw the wheat standing in the fields, not yet ripe, the oats and hay in the shock and fields of potatoes as ours are in the month of May, and cellars—made to store them in winter—that they drive into with wagon and team. On the side of the mountains, in some places, grows a small scrubby pine on which are ants called "Pinon Nuts,"—about one half the size of a hazel nut, but very rich, of which there are an abundance this year, denoting a hard winter, the old settlers say.

Our next point of interest was the "Head Gates" of the Canal. They first made the ditch around a high bluff leading off into the fertile valley made so by irrigation. Then there was a strong dam built across the river in order to hold the water that is needed for the ditch. The "Gates" are so constructed that they only let the amount of water they want into the ditch through the Gates, the rest flowing over the dam with quite a fall. The irrigation is used in various directions at a distance of as much as 30 miles. The river affords great opportunity for fishing. It was our pleasure to catch about 18 in number—some fine mountain trout. My brother was the fisherman, however. Then yesterday, being Sunday, and also "Harvest Home" day, as they call the 1st Sunday in September, observed by the churches as a Thanksgiving for grain, vegetables and flowers, after Sunday School and a short service to the children, we drove to Sargent, a distance of about fourteen miles to a (what we would call) a Union service, for the congregation of the different churches were invited to bring their lunch and take a part. The displays of grain, vegetables and flowers were fine. They have the most beautiful flowers

here that I have ever seen. They grow so very large, especially the dahlias and sweet peas. After the lunch hour there was a good programme rendered, five ministers of the Gospel taking part, select music and congregational singing. There was a large crowd and a good day.

Paying the Bill.

(Missouri State Journal.)

Every citizen, concerned in restoring the country's taxation basis to standards of fairness and equality, should read the statement of Congressman Claude Kitchen, addressed to the acting leader of the minority of the House, just prior to the passage of the revenue law. With the precision of chilled steel, the North Carolina Democrat unmasks the Republican program designed to lift the burdens from the rich and powerful and increase the taxes of the poor man, the man of moderate income and the small corporations. The statement of Mr. Kitchen should be preserved by every Democratic friend, who desires to remind his Republican neighbors of the utter collapse of the Republican plan to reduce the taxes of the average man.

What did this Republican bill provide for, in the way of tax reductions? First, to repeal the excess profits tax, and substitute therefor a tax of 12½ per cent on the incomes of all corporations—an increase of 10 per cent, the existing tax. According to the latest available figures, there are 317,559 corporations in the United States; 1,026 of these corporations have been paying two-thirds of the total excess profits tax. As Mr. Kitchen points out, these big profiteering corporations will thereby be relieved of at least \$500,000,000 in taxes, and this amount will have to be made up by the increased corporation income tax from the 316,550 small corporations. How is this for tax reduction?

Governor Cox charged during the campaign of 1920 that the Republicans were raising a campaign fund of \$16,000,000. Don't you suppose that the managers of these corporations referred to could afford to pay sixteen millions to secure legislation that would save them five hundred million? Let that sink in, Mr. and Mrs. Voter.

Then they repeal the surtaxes ranging from 32 to 65 per cent. These surtaxes are only levied upon the great incomes. Those affected by this "reduction" number about eighteen thousand in the entire United States, while the same taxes as heretofore are to be collected from the others, numbering approximately 5,150,000. True the exemption for the taxpayer with a wife or dependents is increased \$500, but the total reduction in income taxes because of this small increase in exemptions, taken in the aggregate throughout the United States, will not amount to as much as the surtax lifted from the income of John D. Rockefeller. Let that, too, sink in, Mr. and Mrs. Voter.

Republican statesmanship is true to form in this legislation. It is the party of the rich. Hypocritically pretending to be the friend of American labor, it has fostered through all the years of its history, the growth of oppressive instrumentalities, used by "big business" to crush the life out of labor; pharisaically claiming to be the party of the average man, it always has catered to the demands of the selfish few. The American people have been in dupes more than once. Republican campaigns are always won on cheap, petty issues, fought out on narrow lines, with collateral appeals to sectional, racial and class prejudices. They never stand in campaigns for the measures they enact when in power and for all-sufficient reasons, they dare not!

Mr. Kitchen appealed to Democrats to refuse to join with the Republicans in supporting any part of this unjust tax measure, designed and intended to discharge the campaign obligations of the Republican party, and make the poor man foot the bill. His appeal was successful. The party stood virtually united against it in all its details.

The campaign of 1922 will be vastly different from that of 1920 in all essential particulars. The lies they told of Democratic chiefs and Democratic measures cannot safely be repeated, for the poverty of Republican administration has demonstrated their falsity. They cannot again delude the people into thinking that the Republican party has any fair conception of equity in taxation, or any notion of lifting the burdens of the poor. They have been weighed

in the balance, and the turn of the scales is against them.

Remember the words of William L. Wilson, the great West Virginia Democrat:

"Wealth that comes from control and perversion of the power of taxation, that is gathered by unjust laws from the labor of the people, is a growing peril to our freedom."

And then recall the warning of Grover Cleveland:

"Every governmental concession to clamorous favorites invites corruption in political affairs by encouraging the expenditure of money to debauch suffrage in support of a policy directly favorable to private and selfish gain."

In these two notable sentences, the creed of Democracy on taxation has been sounded. Write them in the tablets of your memory, and make them the foundation of your argument for the restoration of Democratic control.

A Gloomy Labor Day.

(St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)

The old joyous holiday spirit, the festive flavor of former times was absent from today's Labor Day celebration. Solemnity must needs mark ceremonies conducted under the shadow of such unemployment as the country has never before known.

"Six million unemployed" is a staggering sociological fact that connotes distress and hardship beyond comprehension. Its economic significance is also incomprehensible. It is, of course, plain that when six million people are out of work many times six million dollars are out of work. The loss in production from such vast idleness of labor and capital runs into dizzying totals.

Labor and capital looking sullenly at each other, suspicious of each other, issuing challenges to each other, and occasionally exchanging epithets, might well pause to consider how dependent each is upon the other, and shown by this adversity which holds both of them in its grip. If in the light of this experience they could perceive their genuine community of interest, if they could truly realize that the salvation of both lies in cooperation, then this industrial depression, costly as it is, would be worth the price.

Instead of being drawn up in fighting formation labor and capital today should be sitting at a conference table discussing the causes of the stagnation and devising plans for relief. The discussion of the cause would lead them straight to Washington. It is now almost three years since the most destructive war in history was ended, leaving half the world in rags and hunger and imposing upon the statesmanship of the United States the biggest task of altruism and enlightened selfishness which statesmen ever faced. Those tasks have not been met. They have been miserably shirked. Instead of statesmanship rising splendidly to meet a crisis we have seen politicians gambling coldly for party advantage regardless of the needs of humanity.

With practically all of Europe in dire want and with the United States in a position to supply those wants, the country today should be at the peak of activity and prosperity, with every ounce of labor and every penny of capital employed at maximum productivity and remuneration. That was what reconstruction meant and that is what reconstruction would have accomplished, but we have had no reconstruction.

We are getting no reconstruction today. The very least that the present Congress might have done would be to abolish the extravagances of war conditions and install the economies so fervently promised. Instead of economies, expenditures continue in ruinous excess of prospective revenue—and beyond the nation's capacity to pay. To the moral and intellectual incapacity at Washington must be charged the indefensible depression that has palsied American labor and capital.

Must Have League Before Disarmament, Says Senator McCumber (Rep.).

While the League of Nations may or may not figure in the debate of the separate peace treaty with Germany, Senator McCumber (Rep., S. D.), ranking Republican member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, has revived that subject in an exclusive statement to the International News Service, in relation to the coming conference on disarmament, the substance of which is that before we can have reduction of armaments there must be a league or association of nations bound by a written contract to prevent wars of aggression

DENTAL NOTICE.

DR. E. R. ZIMMER

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and to compel arbitration of international disputes.

"Just to the extent that President Harding is able to consummate such an agreement between the powerful nations," said Senator McCumber, "just to that extent will he be able to decrease the burden of armaments."

An agreement for a reduction of armaments would be futile, according to the South Dakota Senator, without such a league of powerful nations both to prevent war and compel arbitration—that is to use force whenever necessary, or more specifically speaking, a League to Enforce Peace.

Whether or not the Harding administration would consent to such a league cannot be foretold. Its face is set against any sort of internationalism, and this is internationalism in the -nth degree.

If this matter is taken up as a condition precedent to disarmament and the Far Eastern diplomatic problems injected into the subject are also to be solved prior to a disarmament agreement, the forthcoming disarmament conference will be far from the simple matter contemplated under the Borah resolution. Yet Senator McCumber's position finds many supporters who ask, "What is the use of a disarmament agreement if there is no way to enforce it?"

Robert C. Love.

(Farmington News.)

Robert C. Love was born in Iron County on the old Love homestead on April 9, 1890, and died at the Bonne Terre Hospital on September 4, 1921, being 31 years, 4 months and 25 days of age at the time of his death.

Mr. Love was reared in Iron county, spent his boyhood days there and grew to young manhood. In fact the greater part of his life was spent on the farm where he was.

At the age of twenty-one years he was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Bryan of that county, and to this union six children were born, all of whom are now living. They are Mrs. J. M. Webb, of Flat River; Willard N. and John B., of St. Louis; Mrs. J. D. Blackwell, of Harrisburg, Penn.; Florence, of Austin, Texas, and Arthur, of Queen City, Mo.

The deceased professed faith in Christ at the age of twenty-nine years and united with the Baptist church of which he remained a devoted member for thirty-two years. He was a noble Christian character and always enjoyed serving his master and going about his Father's work.

He was a member of the Masonic order for a number of years and was Past Master of that order at Centerville, Mo.

Mr. Love moved with his wife to Bismarck, Mo., a little less than two years ago and it was here that he became critically ill of heart trouble in April, 1921. He later suffered a stroke of paralysis and was removed to the Bonne Terre Hospital where he received treatment until death came

last Sunday afternoon. All was done that skilled and loving hands could do but God called him to Himself, to that higher and better life—the Life Eternal.

Funeral services were conducted at ten o'clock Tuesday morning, from the family residence to the Bismarck Baptist church, of which he was a member, by his pastor, Rev. Wm. England, after which the remains were laid to rest in the Masonic cemetery, by his Masonic brothers.

I am now selling Cement, Lime, Plaster and every thing in Building Material. Phone No. 2157.

FRANK RIECHERT, Arcadia, Mo.

Weather Report.

Meteorological Report of Cooperative Observer at Ironton, Iron County, Mo., for the week ending Monday, September 5, 1921:

Days of Week.	Day of Month	Temperature		Precipitation
		Highest	Lowest	
Tuesday.....	30	86	62	
Wednesday.....	31	86	67	
Thursday.....	1	85	68	
Friday.....	2	80	69	
Saturday.....	3	89	69	.67
Sunday.....	4	93	73	
Monday.....	5	87	69	.08

NOTE.—The precipitation includes rain, hail, sleet and melted snow, and is recorded in inches and hundredths. Ten inches of snow equal one inch of rain. "T" indicates trace of precipitation. ARCADIA COLLEGE Observer.

C. A. FULDNER, OPT. D.

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(Successors to Fuldner & Kitchen.)

Martin Bldg., 306 N. Grand Ave., St. Louis, Mo., specializing in the Correction of Eyesight, Eyestrain, and the proper Fitting of Glasses, will again be in

IRONTON, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 28, at the New Commercial Hotel, from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M. Any word may be left for him there.

Bismarck, Wednesday, September 28, Write for appointment.

NOTE.—Dr. Fuldner's visits to Ironton are on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month.

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